TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR.

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SIGNAL BUTTE.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING. Author of "The Colonel's Daughter," "The Deserter," etc.

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PART VIII.
CHAPTER VI CONCLUDED.
But what a fight! Down in the depths of the gorge, sheltering themselves as best they could from occasional bullet and frequent bowlder hurled from up the heights, some forty blue uniformed troopers were falling slowly back before the ceaseless onslaught of a fee they could neither see nor real. Just as Kelly had feared, Lieutchart Crane had been lured into a trap, and the supporting platon, reaching him could only share his predeament. Just how far up the canyon he had succeeded in following the trail was now a matter of little consequence. Crane and his men were making the best of their way out, bringing their wounded with them. It was the first lesson, a bitter one, and one that would have been far more tragic but for the coming of their better led cornrades along the upper trail. Long before Kelly could "sight," a single Apache, the Apaches had caught sight of them, and then, darling from rock to rock, slinking from tree to tree, away sped the Hithesineavy fellows, out of rifle range. Only a few long distance or random shots were exchanged views. The capture and the invisible scattering foa and one what damare they could, and now they're skipping back to the Mongolion countrolled when told of the deeds of the rowload have been far more tragic but for the coming of their better led cornrades along the upper trail. Long before Kelly could "sight," a single Apache, the Apaches had capple sight, a single Apache, the Apaches had capple sigh

rect operations was not Drum Barracks, several hundred miles from the scene, but the heaft of the Indian country, and thither he went fast as "buckboard" could bear him.
"Tell Cullen he'll find me somewhere in the Sandy valley or Tonto Basin," he said to his adjutant-general as he drove away and this message was drove away, and this message was placed in Cullen's hands, as, with his silent and devoted wife by his side, and Randy looking eagerly into his face, he was borne swiftly over the dancing wars.
"That means that the general expect

was borne swiftly over the dancing waters.

"That means that the general expects them to leave the mountains and raid the mines and settlements," said he, reflectively. "What's the first stage or steamer down the coast?"

"Nothing now before tomorrow night," was the reply, "unless you can catch the Maritana. She's off for Santa Barbara and Wilmington with supplies and ammunition in about an hour," Airs, Cullen gave a little shiver and drew closer to her soldier husband's side, but said no word. She knew that what he conceived to be the soldier's duty would rule.

"Then you and Randall will go with Captain Thorp to mother's," he gently said, after a moment's thought, "and I will take the boat."

But when the Maritana sailed that night the major's family went with him. Mrs. Cullen calmiy announced her intention of going back to Arizona with her husband, and accepting the warmly proffered hospitality of the general's wife until their new quarters should be in readiness. The mail buckboard went on across the California desert within an hour of the Maritana's arrival, and while Mrs. Cullen was cordially welcomed by the little colony of army wives and mothers at Wilmington, her husband and her only son hurried on to overtake the chief. It was with infinite misgiving that she let Randall go, but the boy pleaded with all his heart and soul, and the faither decided. "I promised him that he should cross the desert with me." he said, "instead of going round by sea, as he has, both ways, thus far, and he will be as safe at Prescott or Camp Sandy or Retribution as he is here—and Mrs. C.'s house is crowded now. He is wild to meet Leon again, and the two boys can remain together at the post while I'm in the field. I'm only afraid the fun will be all over before we get there."

And so it was settled.

(To be concluded next Sunday.) we get there."

And so it was settled.

(To be concluded next Sunday.)

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

A Good Obituary of Mr. White, a Bad Man From Montana.

The first case of suicide ever known in the history of this town, which was founded in 1872, occurred last week, and the name of the victim was John White. Mr. White used to be a bad tnan in Montana, and for a number of years he buried three or four men per year and sailed around under the sobriquet of "Deadshot Jack." Two years ago he developed cataract of the eye and for the last six months has only been able to get about. The other day he was told by the doctor that he would never be able to kill another man unless he got him down and choked him to death, and the information had a very depressing effect. He replied that life would not be worth the living unless he got him down and choked him to death, and the information had a very depressing effect. He replied that life would not be worth the living unless he got him down and choked him to death, and the information had a very depressing effect. He replied that life would not be worth the living unless he got him down and choked him to death, and the information had a very depressing effect. He replied that life would not be worth the living unless he got him down and choked him to death, and the information had a very depressing effect. He replied that life would not be worth the living unless he got him down and choked him to death, and the information had a very large, so that as soon as he caught one it went down without trouble. In less than three minutes he had stowed the whole fifteen inside. From the quick passmodic bulging of his sides at various life would not be worth the living unless by killing a man in the daytime, and he generally arranged things for the first passmodic half the would research the form of the fifteen inside. From the quick passmodic bulging of his sides at various fifteen in the first dependent of the fifteen inside. From the quick passmodic bulging of his sides at various life would not be worth the living unless to the fifteen inside. From the quick passmodic bulging of Mr. White used to be a bad man in Montana, and for a number of years a he buried three or four men per year and sailed around under the sobriquet of "Deadshot Jack." Two years ago he developed cataract of the eye and for the last six months has only been able to get about. The other day he was told by the doctor that he would never be able to kill another man unless he got him down and choked him to death, and the information had a very depressing effect. He replied that life would not be worth the living under such circumstances, and a few hours later he hung himself in the shed in the rear of the Last Buffale saloon. We can recall some good points about Mr. White. He never interrupted business by killing a man in the daytime, and he generally arranged things for the funeral to occur on Sunday, just in time for the mourners to get back to the horse race. He was a man of strict veracity. If he sent a word to a fellow citizen that he would call and perforate his anatomy on a certain date he was there to the hour, rain or shine. He kept no man waiting to be shot. When he remarked to a citizen that one or the other of them must change climates, if both were to live on, and that previous engagements prevented his going, the other man saw

Lordly Reptiles.

SERPENTS KEEN HUNTERS.

THEY NEVER ATTEMPT TO CHARD THEIR PREY

Natuarillists Who Have Studied the Ophidian's Habits-Catlike Methods-A Fatal Curiosity-A Lihtning Execution-Hunting in the Forest-A Walting Game.

BY G. R. O'REILLY.

[Written for the Salt Lake Herald.] When I lived in the island of Trinidad in 1890 I had two baby boa constrictors When I lived in the island of Trinidad in 1830 I had two baby boa constrictors just born. They were about as thick as a man's thumb, and fifteen inches long. For their first meal I gave to one a mouse and to the other a humming bird, which they killed and swallowed with all the formalities of their elders. Afterwards arose a difficulty which ended in the death of one, for while he who had had the mouse, being more easily supplied, waxed fat and big, and in tissue was able to take rodents of a larger size, the one that got the humming bird starved himself to death, because I could not supply him with similar delicacles. Can it be that their first meal determines their preferences in after life?

It may be laid down as a rule that colubrine snakes, venomous and non-venomous, follow up their prey and catch it by persistent chase, just as we have seen the racer get his mouse. There is, however, this to be remarked, that none of them, as far as I have seen, keep it secure by preasing it with their body against neighboring objects, except the racer and some of his near relatives in South America. Whenever the animal they catch is small all the harmless colubrines, (except three South African species, leptodelar rufescens, psammophis cruciter, and psammophylax rhombeatus), which kill by constriction just like boas, swallow it alive; but if it is large, the pressure of their jaws kills it in the swallowing.



land, as everyone knows. It can never have possibly seen a snake, and yet its teror of the boa is so great that in the reptile's presence it forgets its fear of man to such an extent that I find it difficult, even with a stick, to drive it to the corner where the constricting executioner awaits it.

After much chasing around the room, however, the rat becomes thred, and often pauses on the carpet, but only to make another rush for freedom as soon as I move. It now freedom as soon as I move. It now freedom as soon as I move. It now freedom as soon as in the around close by the boa, nay, even sometimes springs upon his back, and is off again like a rubber ball before its feet have scarcely time to touch him.

Nevertheless, with all this excitement to move, the walting snake composedly maintains the selfsame coil as before; for the motions of the lively rat are much too quick for him to strike at.

FATAL CURIOSITY.

FATAL CURIOSITY.

How does the boa know, that if he remains quiet, the curiosity of his prey will compel it to approach him quietiy in a catchable manner? Who can tell? These problems of the psychology of animals are very difficult to solve. Once more I busily chase the rat until at last it stops for a moment to breathe on the open carpet, within a yard of the boa's nose.

I now cease my pursuit, whereupon it sits up on its hauches and busily rubs over its snout with its paws—'washes its free,' as the boys call the performance. Then it reaches forward and snifts to wards the motionless snake, whose only sign of life is the orgue, that now comes inquiringly out, black, fine, and double-pointed; yet not fifully, and quick to be drawn in sgain, as is usually the case, but with a continuous loiling out, as if the little member had grown tired from inaction and needed a prolonged stretching.

Meantime, while the reptile's broad.

Meantime, while the reptile's broad. Should the food-seeking rattlesnake, flat head, set with grayish catlike eyes, colled on the hillside at evening, walting never moves at all, the neck immediately in vain for the squirrel or chipmunk behind it is slowly resolving itself into which fails to appear, notice in the dis-

that living spring, from whose lightning-dash there is no escaping, nor does he shift his general position in the slightest, so that from the rat's point of view there is nothing alarming to be seen. His muzzie is facing towards the timorous and yet is facing towards the timorous and yet curious rat, which is still sifting up on its linder quarters watching that queer bind tongue, which, excepting the catilike eyes, is the emit of the entire coil.

A LIGHTNING EXECUTION.

There!!!—a dash upon the rat, and a folding so instanteously done, that the doomed animal hasn't had time to utter a single squeak. A gurshot could not be simultaneously done, that the simultaneous open-mouthed spring-releasing and entolding again, which leaves the rat now quivering in the throes of death, and entolding again, which leaves the rat now quivering in the throes of death, its body. The reptile's laws are held closed like a vice upon it, nor will be let go either with coils or teeth until every pulsation of its life has ceased. Even then he will cauttously unloose it. This, however, he finally does, but even after completely releasing it, he will continue long to try it with that inquisitive tongue to make sure that it is certainly picty.

Does he cover it with saliva before swallowing? Certainly not. No snake of any kind ever proceeds in such an unnatural manner. He simply takes it in whole and unbroken—drinks it as it were.

The lady, who is a Bonaparte, is not merely accomplished and pretty, but is brimful of life and fun, and takes a positive delight in trampling upon the rigid court ceremonials of past ages. The last of her frolics was executed on a bleyele made for one. She sat out a few days ago on one of these tabooed vehicles, accompanied by a maid of honor and two court cavaliers, and after a long ride the party were found flying up one of the shady avenues leading to the palace of the Duke of Aosta, when a company of the Duke of Aosta, when a company of soldlers, commanded by a major, met them half way, glanced at them furtively, and perhaps a trifle too curiously and critically, and marched on without multing a sign. The Duchess, rendered more sensitive than usual by the consciousness that she was transgressing the bounds of court etiquette, felt hurt at not being saluted in the approved fashion by the major and his soldiers. This was perhaps human nature, and as such excusable. But the lively lady went much further; she actually complained of the conduct of the major, who had, she affirmed, culpably neglected to salute her. The commandant of Turin, General D'Oncion de la Batin, at once summoned the officer to appear before him and explain his conduct. The major said he was guiltless of any offense, as he did not recognize the high born hady, oddly dressed and seated between two wheels, and would never have permitted himself to think of her highness as a mere bicyclist. Had he known or suspected it was she, of course he would have, etc., etc. General de la Batin, uncertain what course to take appealed to the Solomonic wisdom of the war minister, to whom he forwarded a detailed report of the whole occurrence, asking for instructions as to the punishment to be meted out to the major, whom he meanwhile kept in arrest.

Elizabeth

Holzworth.



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Boa Constrictors and Rattlers

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FATAL CURIOSITY.

for the birds they see them.

We have now seen how the colubers, that is to say, the common snakes, cobras or coral snakes, chase their prey like dogs; how vipers and boas lie in wait for and spring on it, the latter strangling it to death with their venom. Such are the methods of serpents in catching and killing their prey.

A CYCLING PRINCESS.

the latter decreases, is the real explanation of the so-called serpent's fascination of his prey by the power of his unbilinking eyes.

"Tis astonishing how much verdant but unwholesome scientific seum a dreamy theorist can gather from the surface waters of zoology when he lazily sits down to consider the ways of animals from the "human point of view." That "human point of view" is the very matrix of absurdity, from which arises so much that is outre in what has been written on "mimicry," "fascination, and in general on "animal intelligence." He who would perfectly learn to speak and write Italian, French or Spanish, and to judge truly the characters of their countries, must make of himself an Italian, Frenchman or Spanish for English-speaking people. Much more must he transform himself to do justice to Zulu or Chinese.

And if this be so for a thorough knowledge of mere human foregners, how much more strongly is it true of matters pertaining to animal psychology. To inwardly comprehend the ways of snakes one must become in some sense himself a snake. Understanding the words in their ordinary meanings, "mimicry" and "fascination" would probably never be strictly true in speaking of the ways of any animal, but certainly, as regards snakes, these words have no place whatever, and should not be used at all, for they are unfit, misleading and mischievous in fact, to speak it plainly, they are philological lies. Science demands something better, and ought to have it-stir yourselves, ye scientists! Let your vocabulary-bearing souls overflow-become serpents in so far as you can, and give us new words that will be true translations of matters ophilological ness cure their prey by waiting for it, and springing to seize it when it comes within striking distance, so also does the velvet-scaled rattlesnake, and all his relatives of the viperine family.

A WAITING GAME.

"Does not the hungry boa or rattlesnake then," it may be asked, "go in quest of their prey, or do they wait encolled perhaps for days in the selfsame place Etiquette.
[Rome Correspondence London Telegraph]
Bloycles caused no end of bad bloodin more senses than one, it is to be
feared-before finally obtaining the right of citizenship among orthodox vehicles of the road; and universal though they of the road; and universal though they have now become among ordinary mortals, they have still a deal of uphility work to accomplish before acquiring a status among the surroundings of royalty. Of course a prince or a king may bestride a "wheel," and do anything but break a record or his neck; but were a princess to so far forget what she owed to her house, her dignity, and her long line of ancestors as to patronize this democratic means of locomotion, the whole civilized world would stand aghast at the desceration of royalty implied by the act. And this is the horrible deed that has just been announced by the telegraph, and has thrown Italian court circles into ceremonial convulsions. The catastrophe occurred in Turm, and the heroine and victim—the lady is both—is the pretty, accomplished young widow of the Duchess of Aosta, who is staying at the castle of Stupiniel. Princess Maria Loetinia is a sister-in-law of the present King of Italy, she having married in 1888 his brother, Prince Amadeo, Duka of Aosta, who died in 1889.